

CHRISTIAN WORSHIP IN JAPAN.

A Strange Scene Presented in an English Church in Shiba.

Sarah Jeanette Duncan writes an interesting account of her visit to the Church of England in the district of Shiba, Japan. The room was full of people, all Japanese. When I entered, she says, and as I stood hesitating near the door a young girl slipped down the aisle, bowed to me politely, and asked me in whispered English to come to a seat in the front. When I said that I preferred to stay where I was she sat down beside me and showed me in my prayer book what the minister was reading in Japanese. It was the chapter in which the Ephesians are asked of Paul, "Unto what, then, were ye baptized?"

He was a tall, thin, yellow Japanese, in such plain black clothes as one sees evangelists wear at home. He read slowly, distinctly, and with great expression, pausing now and then and looking at his hearers in a way which seemed to bid them contemplate what he had just said. Then he closed the book and began to talk—quietly, measuredly, and without gestures. The girl at my elbow leaned toward me. "His subject is the Holy Ghost," she said. "Do you understand?" I asked her, "about the Holy Ghost?" "Yes," she answered.

This was surely a strange matter to discuss upon converts who understood and accepted Christianity, as I had been told again and again, only as a moral law, and chiefly as a negative moral law. I looked at the people who were listening in quiet faces. The men sat on one side, the women on the other. A few of the former wore coats and trousers, but nearly all were in the native kimono, and if the glossy black hair of the women had been cut short like that of the men it would have been hard to tell the long rows of sober, stooping, blue and gray backs apart. They were Sunday kimonos, some of those the women wore of silk, but the women did not look especially conscious of them. The man was folds his arms and goes to sleep, and the woman with the troublesome baby were both there, and when the baby caught a glance from me, and lifted up its voice and wept at the sight of a terrible foreigner with a hat on, its mother toddled quietly out with it, bowing apologetically to me as she passed. Almost everybody was listening, not acutely or intensely, but with unmistakable interest and apparent understanding. And presently the preacher read the story of Saul of Tarsus, after which they all sang with a willing voice a hymn I should have known if it had not been in Japanese.

To Prevent Cotton Burning at Sea.

Another method has been added to those heretofore proposed to prevent the burning of cotton when conveyed in vessels. The safeguard now brought forward consists in wrapping each bale of cotton in wire gauze instead of the usual covering of jute bagging. It has been, it is claimed, subjected to all kinds of tests, including hooks and compression, and has proved itself in all respects equal to jute bagging, which it does not exceed in cost. The principle involved is that the flame will not pass through very small holes, according to the well-known construction of the Davy safety lamp. Cotton packed in the hold of a vessel will, when once on fire, burn more or less slowly for weeks, even when the hold is flooded with sea water, and when removed the cotton will burst into flames, burning fiercely and destructively. Cotton bales have even been known to float, blazing away when thrown overboard after being taken from a burning vessel. In this case the cotton became heated almost to the charring point by the long-continued fire close by. But while such wire cloth might stand a considerable degree of heat for some time, sooner or later the metal will oxidize and fall to pieces. It is suggested, therefore, that jute bagging might be treated with silicate of soda or some fire-proofing "water glass" to render the fabric non-inflammable.

While remodeling a chimney in an old homestead in Chertsey, Mo., for the purpose of attaching a hot-air furnace, an interesting relic in the form of a little brown jug of unusual shape was found in an arch of the chimney, which certainly had not been there for 100 years. It was empty, but smelled of other days. The choir of a church on Long Island had to get along Sunday without the accompaniment of the organ, the organ having carried off the instrument during the previous night. The snakes a man sees when he is wrestling with a severe attack of delirium tremens are not "water" snakes. This is reliable.—*Norristown Herald.*

Rheumatism

According to recent investigations it is caused by excess of lactic acid in the blood. This acid attacks the fibrous tissues, particularly in the joints, and causes the local manifestations of the disease, pain and aches in the back and shoulders, and in the joints at the knees, ankles, hips and wrists. Thousands of people suffer from rheumatism, a positive and permanent cure for rheumatism. This medicine, by its purifying and vitalizing action, neutralizes the acidity of the blood, and also builds up and strengthens the whole body.

"I was laid up for six months with rheumatism, and used many kinds of medicines without good result till one of my neighbors told me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. When I had used half a bottle I felt better, and after taking two bottles I think I was entirely cured, as I have not had an attack of rheumatism since."—*Emma B. Dixon, Roselle, Staten Island, N.Y.*

N.B.—Be sure to get

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1.00 per bottle. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

RADWAY'S

READY RELIEF.

THE GREAT CONQUEROR OF PAIN.

For Sprains, Bruises, Backache, Pain in the Chest or Sides, Headache, Toothache, or any other external pain, a few applications rubbed on by hand act like magic, easing the pain to instantly sleep.

For Congestions, Colds, Headaches, Pneumonia, Inflammations, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica, nerve throbs and rheumatic affections are necessary.

All Internal Pains, Diarrhea, Colic, spasms, Nausea, Fainting spells, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, are relieved instantly, and quickly cured by taking two or three drops in half a tumbler of water. 50c a bottle. All Druggists.

RADWAY'S

PILLS,

LIVER, STOMACH OR BOWELS.

Taken according to directions they will restore health and ensure vitality.

Price 10c a box. Sold by all Druggists.

Peck's Bad Boy.

It is generally supposed that George W. Peck made a small fortune on his "Peck's Bad Boy," which had such a sale a few years ago. But that he did not get so rich out of it as is supposed is shown by the following article from his pen:

The failure of Belford, Clarke, & Co., book publishers, of Chicago, is pretty tough. The firm is composed of two young hustlers, Alex. Belford and Jim Clarke, and two more honorable and square young men never lived. They commenced business in Chicago, and built up a field for themselves. They were not endowed with much money, but they had pluck and credit till a man couldn't rest. They published books and put them on the market and took chances. About three out of four books published never more than pay expenses. When they were struggling along, about seven years ago, sort of from hand to mouth, they bought a copyright from me of a book called "Peck's Bad Boy." I published over a thousand dollars. They had published one book for me on royalty, and the royalty came along in little dribbles, and didn't do me much good; so when they desired to publish the "Bad Boy," I wanted them to pay me so much down and have it over. I thought I was awful smart, and when I got the check for the price, I felt as though I owned a brewery. They thought I was pretty level-headed, too, because they never had any idea that the book would have an exceptionally large sale. Well, they put the book on the market, and it sold like bread at a picnic. Within a week orders came for a hundred thousand copies, and the boys had a hot box. They had all the presses in Chicago that they could hire at work night and day, and the demand did not let up until half a million copies were sold, and the profits of the "Bad Boy" put Belford, Clarke, & Co. on their feet, and made them happy. They must have sold a million copies of the book. During the extraordinary sale of the book I was often congratulated on my good fortune, and it was generally understood that I was making a fortune on the book, but all I could do was to squeeze my thousand dollars in my pants pocket, and grate my teeth and kick myself because I was such an ass as to sell that copyright for the book. Belford, Clarke, & Co. were sorry for me, and when I got ready for another book they kindly allowed me to retain my interest in the royalty, so that I could make a fortune.

The next book I sold was a continental, and so I was whip-sawed between ways, but it was no fault of B. C. & Co. The firm went on swimmingly until they were cleaned out by the three years ago, as clean as a hound's tooth, and since then, by competition, books got so cheap that there was no money in the business, and the boys had to lay down their bundle. When this affair is settled they can start again, with no dead stock on hand, and no debts, and they will soon be at the head of the book publishing business, for they can get plenty of backing.

A Hard Case.

"Can he be a poet?" whispered my wife to me as we sat at one of the little round tables that were sprinkled plentifully over the simple stage of one of the *cafes chateaux* in the Champs Elysees. The object of her consideration was a disheveled-looking Englishman, who was sipping his coffee in immediate proximity to himself. I suggested that it was an Emersonian theory that poets are folks of a firm and cheerful temper, who are permeated with the spirit of joy and hilarity, and who love both man and nature. This account of the true bard tallied so little with the gentleman on whom our attention was directed, that my wife at once gave in, and suggested that he must be an undertaker.

"Undertakers, my dear," I commented, "are never dismal in private. Life is made up of compensations, and if a man has a peculiarly depressing trait no sooner is his day's work done than his spirits rise with a rebound that he could not express even if he were to try. Besides, the oldest inhabitant has never seen an undertaker on duty without a bottle of something or other stronger than water alongside of him. No; try again!"

"Then he has lost a young and beautiful wife," recklessly ejaculated my better half.

"Wrong again, most distinctly, my love," was my immediate rejoinder. "That brilliant scarf, that sporting pin, those gloves, which seem, methinks, to gild him somewhat, that cutaway coat, and those trousers of pronounced check—all these things most certainly do not form part of the outfit of a widower. No, the worm is without doubt feeding on his damask cheek, but the check in question does not belong to a widower. Let us grapple with him and probe his secret."

"Grapple with him, yourself, and don't bother me," murmured my wife, with that peculiar eco that denoted that she was fast losing her generally angelic temper. "A beautiful evening," said I, leaning across the table.

"Tis that," answered the individual, shortly.

"It is pleasant to note," I continued, "the happy disposition of our Gallic neighbors. Give them a glass of eau de Cologne and a few songs of a somewhat pronounced type, and they are happy."

"That's so," snipped my friend.

"We Englishmen are unfortunately not so constituted. For myself, for instance," I hypocritically continued, "I am bound to confess that at the present juncture my spirits are at zero, and that the laughter around me grates on my feelings; and you, too, sir, if I might be bold enough to hazard a conjecture, are not quite in one with the prevailing tone of the Champs Elysees."

"Reason good, too," burst out my victim. "Talk about hard lines; there never was such hard lines as mine. Look here, partner; I married a wife two days ago—as fine a lass as there is in the Midland Counties—and I've come a' oneymooning, and blow me, if I had the money to bring her along wi' me!"—*London Pick-Me-Up.*

Had Been There.

"I've been robbed!" shouted a man in a Tremblay avenue car the other morning, as he felt for his wallet to pay his fare.

"Sure you had your purse when you got on the car?" queried a fellow-passenger.

"Sure you saw it when you saw the fellow?"

"No."

"Where did you leave it last night?"

"In my coat."

"And how got you past this morning?"

"My wife."

"Humph! I've been right there myself. I always threaten to get a divorce, and my wife gives it to me!"—*Des Moines Press.*

A COMPANY interested in the propagation of the buffalo has secured a large tract of land in Utah, where a herd of buffalo will soon be introduced.

Love in Nebraska.

It was at Spirit Lake, at the very limit of the prairie. They were all alone. There was no moon, but the stars were big and bright, and so full of self-conceit that they looked at themselves in the water and winked. Far out a boat slid noiselessly along, says the Omaha Republican.

In a nearer boat a fair tenor voice carelessly half hummed, half sang a common love song. From the Orleans Hotel came now and then a twang of the strings of the orchestra of mandolins. On such a night as this did Dido stand upon the wall sea bank and wave her love to come again to Carthage. On such a night as this did Jessica—but a truce to the bard!

It was the sort of a night on which a man could make love to his own wife!—and these two, Edouard and Alicia, had not yet bespoken their tender vows.

"Do you know anything about the stars?" inquired Edouard, in a voice like the murmur of the wind in summer trees.

"A little," said Alicia, tenderly. "I know some of the constellations—the Great Bear—the Little Bear—the North Star."

"Yes," interrupted Edouard. "I know all about the big bear, and I can find the north star; but right over there is a group. Do you know the name of that?"

And Edouard threw his arm across Alicia's shoulder and pointed to a cluster of shining worlds in the east.

Alicia turned toward him. "I don't know what that is," she breathed, as one who did not care.

"And there is another constellation just over our heads!"

Edouard passed his arm around her neck, and placing his hand under her chin, so tilted it that it would be easy for her to see. And then to Alicia's eyes the heavens became one grand carnival of constellations. Shooting stars chased each other athwart the firmament, comets played riotous games among the planets, and finally there came a soft and radiant blur that hid them all.

Edouard had kissed Alicia.

To Those Interested.

HASTINGS, Mich., April 22, 1889.

Rheumatic Symp Co., Jackson, Mich.

GENTLES:—This is to certify that I had been

troubled with rheumatism in all its forms

for the past twelve years, and was confined

to my bed at various periods from three to

six months at a time, and I could get about

only by the aid of crutches. I consulted

several first-class physicians of this city,

none of whom effected a cure or gave temporary

relief even.

About two years ago I was induced to

try Rheumatic Symp Co., and

after taking a few bottles I experienced relief,

and now consider myself cured. I unhesitatingly

recommend this medicine for

rheumatism. I know what it has done for

other patients, and could not do, i. e.,

cured me of rheumatism.

MRS. H. J. KENFIELD.

Ask your druggist for it.

Truly to the above statement.

FRED L. HEATH, Druggist.

A Perfect Likeness.

There is a story of a noble lord who

once gave his friend a golden snuff-box,

in the cover of which an ass's head was

painted. Not much liked by the present

owner, and wishing to turn the tables on

the author of the joke, the recipient took out

the ass, and inserted instead the portrait

of the lord. The next day at dinner he,

as if by accident, put his box on the table.

The lord, who wished to amuse his guests

at the expense of his friend, made mention

of the snuff-box, and aroused the

curiosity of those around them. A lady

asked to see it. It was passed to her. She

opened it and exclaimed:

"Perfect! It is a striking likeness! In-

deed, it is one of the best portraits of you

I have seen."

The lord was naturally much embar-

assed at the joke, which he thought was

so hard upon him. While he was reflecting

upon the inoffensiveness of it, the lady

passed the box to her neighbor, who

made similar remarks about it. The

snuff-box thus went round the table, each

one exclaiming upon the resemblance.

The lord was much astonished at

this course of things, and began to grow

not a little indignant, but when it came

to his turn to look, he had to join in the

laughter, too, and acknowledge that his

friend had got the best of him.

Perfectly Flooded.

To be afflicted by the three pains, dyspepsia,

constipation and liver complaint—a trio of

saturnic birth—is perfectly needless. This often

happens. The habitual triad, however, soon

breaks away to the ether infernal when

Radway's Ready Relief is employed to

evacuate the bowels. As a stimulant and alterative of

ordered conditions of the bowels and liver, it is

speaking within bounds to say that there is not

in existence a medicine so widely known as this,

and few indeed which have received such

positive and authoritative sanction from the

medical fraternity. The fact that it promptly

relieves, that it restores, the three malaises of

most common occurrence, ought and does make

it the most reliable of family medicines. And,

in addition to that, it has achieved the

most reputation as a preventive of, and remedy

for, cholera and fever, rheumatism, nervous

and kidney troubles.

FIVE HUNDRED MILLION feet of logs

are cut in the State of Maine annually.

The name, Pine Tree State, was acquired

years ago, but Spruce Tree State would

now be more appropriate. Although

there are millions of pine yet standing,

the palmy days of the tree in a com-

mercial sense, long since departed, and

the spruce, prolific and hardy, is the

mainstay of the lumber trade. Whatever

the case may be in other States, Maine

has nothing to fear from the denudation

of her uplands. The spruce is a prolific

tree, filling up the gaps made by the

lumberman's ax and soon producing a

second growth or aftermath. Many town-

ships on the Penobscot have been lum-

bred over twice and some three times,

while in Hancock County there is more

timber standing to-day than there was

twenty years ago.

There is more Canada in this section of

the country than all other districts put together,

and until the last few years was supposed to be

inexhaustible. For a great many years

Druggists pronounced it a local disease, and

yet by constantly failing to cure

with local treatment, pronounced it incurable.

Science has proven recently to be a constitutional

disease, and therefore requires constitutional

treatment. Hence a careful use of

Radway's Ready Relief is the only

constituent cure in the world. It is taken

in doses from six drops to a teaspoon

ful. It acts directly upon the system, and

restores the system. Two or three bottles

of this medicine will cure you of all

constitutional diseases. Address: F. J.

RAY, 100 N. 3rd St., St. Louis, Mo.

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